

"JAMBO"



OR WITH JANNIE IN THE JUNGLE

PRICE
2/-

BY A.W. LLOYD.

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“JAMBO”

or

With JANNIE in the JUNGLE

Thirty East African
:: Sketches ::

By A. W. LLOYD

With an Introduction
by

SIR PERCY
FITZPATRICK

K.C.M.G., M.L.A.

Price Two Shillings

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INTRODUCTION

To many people in South Africa, and to most in the Transvaal, "A. W. Ll." will need no introduction. Mr. Lloyd's cartoons, which for many years delighted readers of the "Sunday Times" and the "Sunday Post," reflected in inimitable fashion the passing phases of political life, and played no mean part in forming and focussing public opinion. The ever widening circle of his admirers and the power of his art made it inevitable that promotion to a larger sphere should come his way, and when he left South Africa it was something of a solace and a compensation to us that he should find a place awaiting him among the elect of his craft in the pages of the immortal "Mr. Punch."

Within a few months came the war and the call to British manhood, which he answered at once. Destined for "somewhere in France," he found himself "somewhere in Africa," and so we have it that by the spin of the wheel of fortune he is able to touch to life and light with humour another chapter of our history.

The thirty sketches in this little book are the work—or relaxation—of a few weeks' sick leave, and the work was modestly conceived to give some amusement and provide a little memento for comrades who have seen it through together. But I think that to us it means a little more than that. There is something in these sketches, too, which was present in the first little book of poems of the great Interpreter of Empire, the man who can put into words the souls of men and races—

I have written the tale of our life, for a sheltered
people's mirth,

In jesting guise, but ye are wise—ye know what
the jest is worth!

Those who have been through it may laugh and make light of it; it is their right, and it is their gallant way! But there will be many among us to whom the hardships and sufferings, endured by ours for us in the East African Campaign, will be a sobering and ineffaceable memory. To know that the starved and ragged scarecrows are not caricatures, but just pictures from life of "our boys," brings a "catch" in the voice when the laughter should be unbroken, and not many will be able to look at such pictures as "VICTOR" and "VANQUISHED," or be able to read "I have nothing to complain about!" without an afterthought.

And it is right so. For if they didn't laugh, and we didn't think, where would be the spirit of selfless devotion that is needed to "see it through"?

J. Percy S. Patrick



GERMAN NATIVE (to captured ex-employer): "Jambo, Bwana!"
("Glad to see you, boss!")



“CHAKULA.”
(Feeding-time.)



THE HAPPY HUNTING-GROUND.

"East Africa is the Big Game Hunter's Paradise."
(Guide Book.



A.W.L.

SOUTH AFRICAN OFFICER (addressing, as he thinks, a Private of the Cape Corps): "Hi booi, waar is de General Headquarters?"

PRIVATE JONES (of the West Indian Regiment): "I am not a boy, sah, but a Briteesh Sojah. An' I do not spik dat language; I only spik Ingleesh, sah!"



OFFICER'S VOICE IN THE OFFING: "Pass the word down, Corporal Higginbotham, to advance in rushes of twenty paces, not firing till ordered and not exposing yourselves to danger."

(Corpl. Higginbotham wishes himself somewhere in — France.)



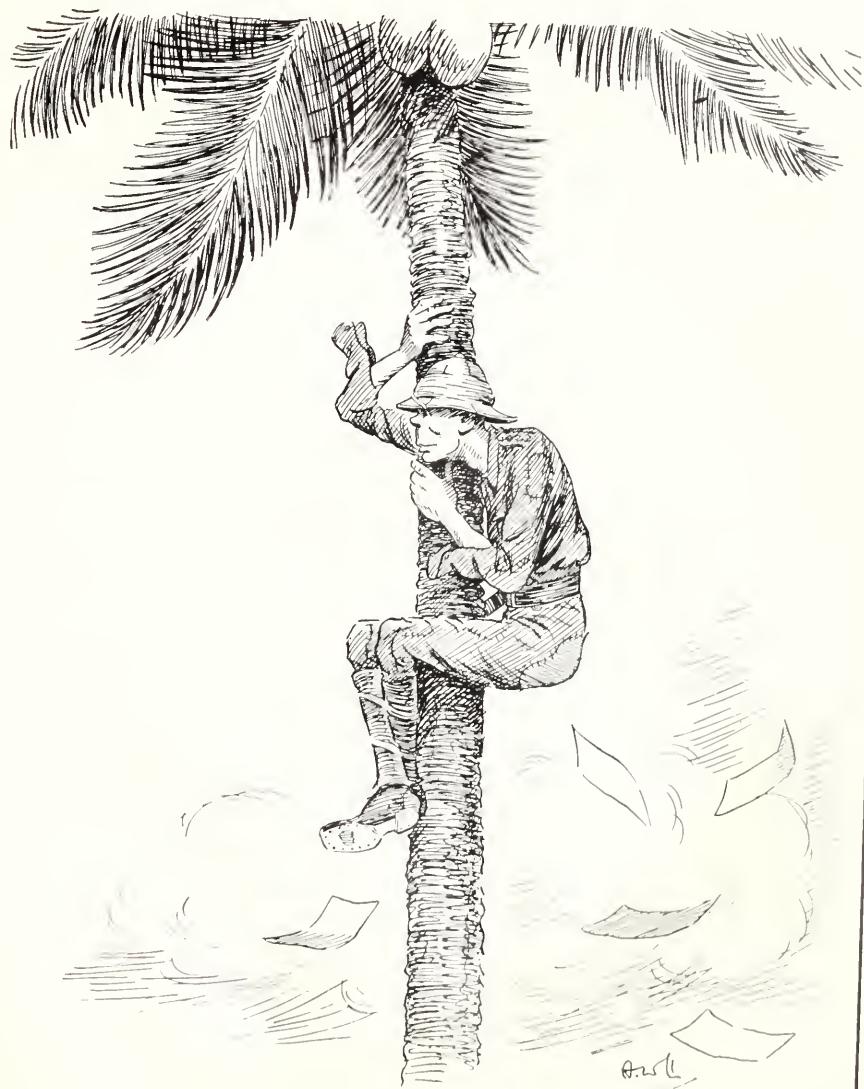
Dastardly conduct of Colonel Von Biergarten at the Battle of Bado-kidogo
in taking cover behind one of the Civilian Population who was peacefully
taking home the Sunday joint.



BRITISH OFFICER (to hungry-locking prisoner): "Hello, wewe!—er, ahem!—Chakula?"
GERMAN ASKARI: "Hapana, Bwana, hapana! Mimi hapana chakula!"

(The German Askaris were told by their officers that if they fell into the hands of the Indian troops they would infallibly be eaten.)

BRITISH OFFICER: "Hello, you!—er, ahem!—Something to eat?"
GERMAN ASKARI: "No, sir, no! Me not something to eat!"



THE ASCENT OF MAN.

Remarkable case of Protective Mimicry on the part of
a British Observing Officer.



THE VICTOR.



THE VANQUISHED.



A.W.C.

"That 'orse's number's up."

"Why, Jim—got the fly?"

"No, Bill, 'e's got the blinkin' Adjutant!"



A MEMENTO FOR MA.

PTE. GIBBON (concluding letter to his mother): "The monkeys here are a treat, and I will send you one for your birthday. It will remind you of the time when I was at home.—Your loving,
SIMEON."



GERMANI DISGUISES I.

It was stated in Brigade Orders that the enemy were in the habit of disguising themselves, sometimes as Indians and sometimes as Natives.

A.R.L.



A. W. C.



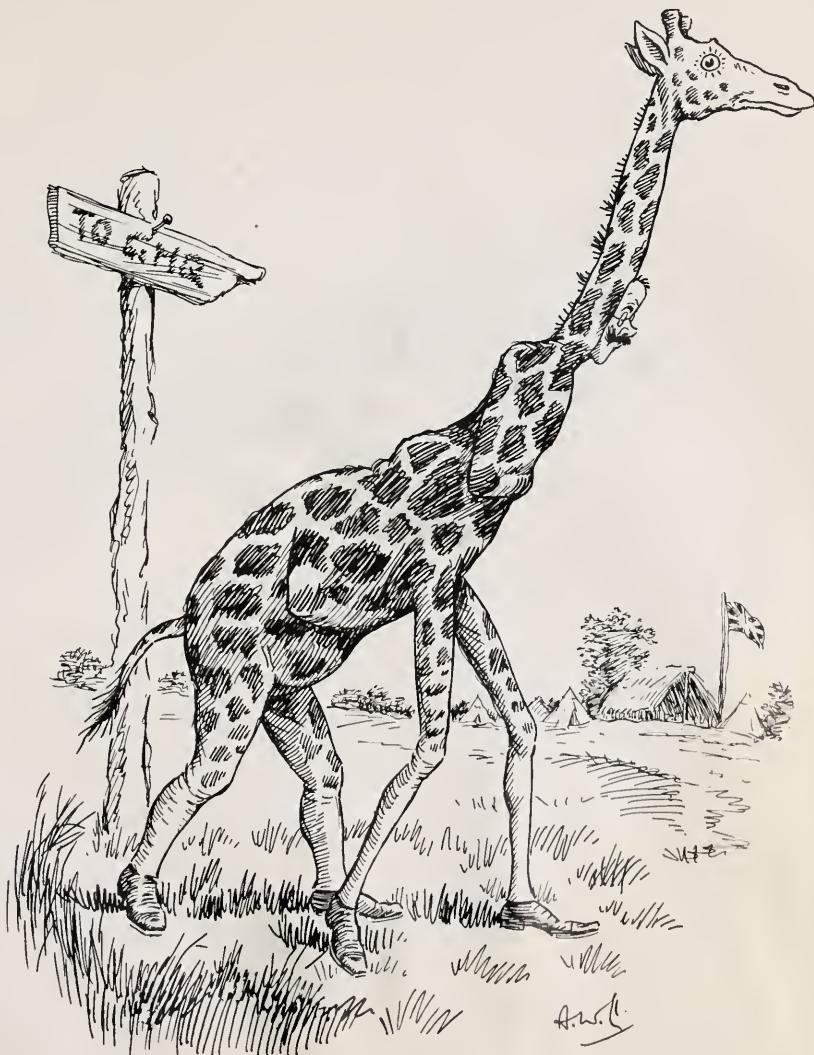
GERMAN DISGUISES, II.

Rumours were current that one of the enemy had been detected in the garb of a Bibi, but the report that a German ever disguised himself as a White Man is quite unfounded.



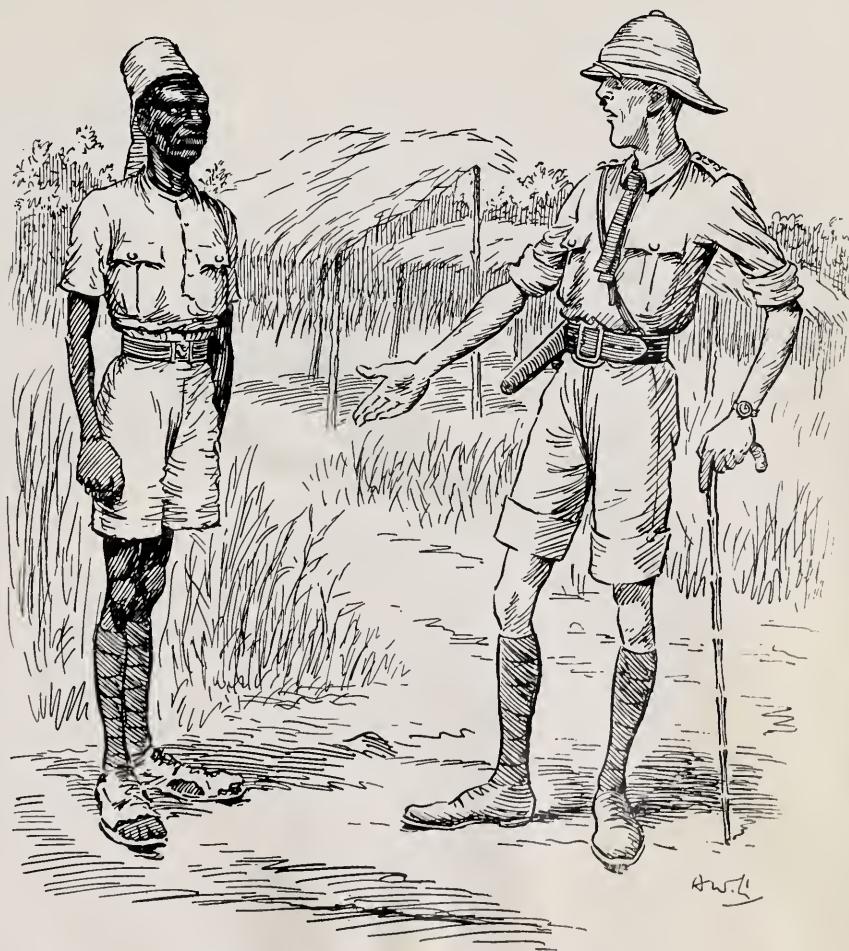
GERMANI DISGUISES, III.

Captain Von Schlumm, with the help of an original and effective disguise,
carries despatches from Rooti-Tooti to Rumtiloo.



GERMANI DISGUISES, IV.

Lieutenants Von Schpueffer and Von Kiddingheim, in order to penetrate the British lines unobserved, disguise themselves as a giraffe.



A COLLECTOR OF SOUVENIRS.

"Hullo, how is it you are down for this patrol? You can't march in boots like those."

"Nataka viatu vigine, Bwana; viatu Germani vizuri sana!"

(*"I want some more boots, sir, and German boots are very fine."*)



NEWS FROM HOME.

Dearest Cuthbert,

What a treat it was, seeing you in your tropical campaigning kit before you sailed for East Africa. I often think how soldierly you looked, and I can picture you now in your smart khaki drill—every inch a soldier!

Fondest love from

AUNTIE.



ALF. ADDERLEY : "I say, jong, I read by this newspaper that Captain Van Winkel is made a Major already, and he absolutely has not been in one engagement."

PERCY PRITCHARD : "No, man, I tell you he was."

ALF. ADDERLEY : "But, jong, where was that?"

PERCY PRITCHARD : "By Potchefstroom so long, you understand—with the Colonel's daughter."



HOOG POLITIEK.

"Daar is weer nie suiker nie, Oom."
"Ne verdomp, Neef, dan word ik Nationalist."

("No sugar again, Uncle.")
("No, d— it, Nephew;—then I join the Nationalists.")





A.W.L.

LIEUT. NUTTALL: "Any complaints here?"

PTE. WETHERALL (who has had one day's rations in the last three days): "No, sir;
I have nothing to complain about."

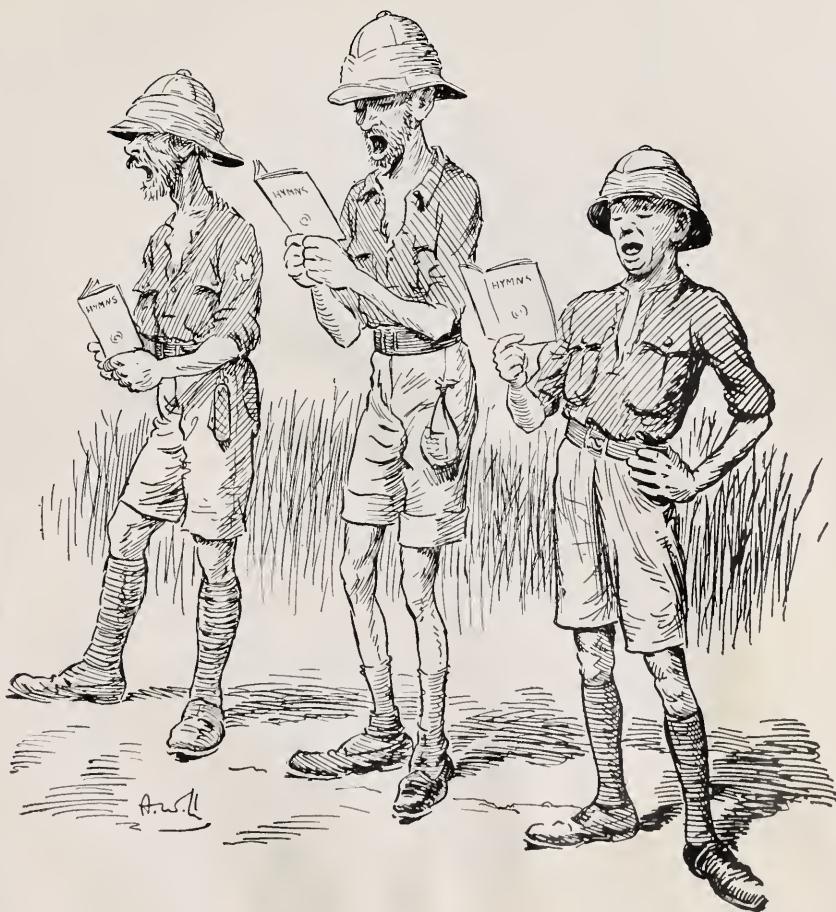




BRITISH OFFICER (who for six months has drunk nothing but maji baridi and chai, with an occasional tot of well-watered dop): "Have a cup of tea?"

GERMAN PRISONER: "Ach, please do not trouble yourself; I will be satisfied mit a leedle boddle of vine."

(*Maji baridi*: cold water. *Chai*: tea.)



HAPANA RUFIFI !

"I do not ask to see the distant scene; one step enough for me."



PRIVATE NIMBLESHANKS (enlisted under the Derby Scheme): "I don't mind fightin' them Germanis
but I never 'eard Lord Durby say nothin' about no blinkin' Wart-ogs!"



TOMMY (inspecting prisoners): "Blimey Alf! 'Ere's Kaiser Bill and Little Wiltie
'ave run the ruddy blockade!"

(Put it turned out to be merely Captain Von Munchen and Oberlieutenant
Pilkener, both of the Tanga Landsturm.)



"Rum yesterday and rum to-morrow, but NEVER rum to-day."
(Rum was issued—nominally—on three days a week.)



LIEUT. MILD MAY: "Hello, O'Shaughnessy! Feverish again? Why are you wearing that coat?"

PTE. O'SHAUGHNESSY: "Shure, sir, it is to hide me shirt 'and trousers that I was obliged to lave at the last camp, sir."



"WELL, I'M JIGGERED!"



SOME COLONY;

or why the Campaign continues.

J.C.S.: "Von Lettow offers to surrender on one condition."

L.B.: "Ja Janie, en wat is dat?"

J.C.S.: "That the Colony be never given back."

Aunt





DESIGN FOR A TANK FOR THE RUFJI FRONT.

(Patent applied for in the British Empire, France, Russia, U.S.A. Italy, Japan, Belgium, Portugal, Roumania, Serbia, Montenegro, Cuba and San Marino.)



The German's "Place in the Sun."

"KWISHA."



